

# The Mirror

OF

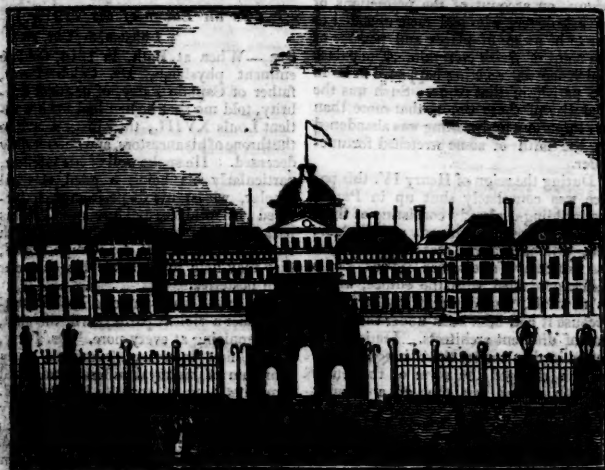
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CIVIL.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1824.

[PRICE 2s.]

## The Tuilleries.



THE Palace of the Tuilleries, so long the residence of the kings of France, is situated on the banks of the Seine, in Paris. The name of the Tuilleries is derived from the original destination of this place. The manufacture of tiles (*tuiles*), concentrated, till the conclusion of the thirteenth century, in part of the *Faubourg St. Germain*, spread to the other bank of the river; and this spot, still then denominated *de Sablesiers*, assumed the appellation of *Tuilleries*.

On quitting the Louvre by the grand *Porte de l'Horloge*, you discover part of the *Place*, at the extremity of which this palace of the Tuilleries is situated. This spot was formerly a garden, which Louis XIV. destroyed; and the splendid *fête* which that prince gave here, in 1662, left to its site the name of *Carrousel*. The *Pont Royal* stands opposite to the point of junction between the great gallery of the museum and the palace.

These works were erected by command of Henry IV., in whose reign the palace of the Tuilleries lay out of Paris. In an *account* in the time of Henry III., that king narrowly escaped by retreating to the palace, when he was threatened by

the people. By completing this communication, Henry IV. provided for himself the means of a safe retreat; but his character and popularity rendered this precaution unnecessary.

This bridge, originally constructed of wood in 1682, was carried away in 1684. Louis XIV. rebuilt it of stone, at an expense of eight hundred thousand francs (about 33,000*l.*); it is seventy-two *toises* (432 feet) in length, and eight and a half *toises* (51 feet) in breadth; and by means of it a very active intercourse is kept up with the *Faubourg St. Germain*. As it is situated in a line with the palace of the Tuilleries, the spectator must pass the bridge, and go a little lower down the river, to obtain a complete view of the palace.

Its buildings, which form a right angle with the river, and display a *façade* one hundred and sixty-eight *toises* (1,008 feet) in length, are composed of five pavilions, connected together by four *corps de logis*. The site of that which retains the name of its first destination was, so early as the fourteenth century, converted into gardens, and two private *châteaux* were erected, nearly on the same spot that is now cover-

ed by the palace, when, in 1564, the demolition of the palace of Tournelles was projected.

Catharine de Medicis, wife of Henry II. and regent during the short reign of her son, Francis II. and of her second son, Charles IX. relinquished the palace of the Tuilleries, almost as soon as it was begun, on account of the predictions of an astrologer, who had recommended to her to be aware of places and persons of the name of *Saint Germain*. The palace which she was erecting happened to be in the parish of that name. Such was the credulity of those times, that more than one important undertaking was abandoned on the faith of some wretched fortune-teller.

During the reign of Henry IV. this palace was completely shut up in Paris; the buildings, already consisting of three pavilions, were continued, and the garden, which, however, was separated from the palace by a street, was laid out. Louis XIII. proceeded with the edifice, which as a whole, was deficient in harmony, because it had been built under the direction of different architects. Louis XIV. determined to correct these irregularities. Leveau changed the form of the centis pavilion, which was that of a circular dome, and the eye was no longer shocked by numerous incongruities. The laying out of the garden was consigned to the genius of Le Notre; it was united to the palace, and soon displayed a combination of magnificent arrangements. Since that period, the interior of the palace has received numerous embellishments; the garden has been adorned with statues, and the buildings which intercepted the view of it have been demolished. It is now bordered, throughout its whole length, by two broad terraces planted with trees, one parallel to the Seine, the other to the magnificent *rue de Rivoli*, the buildings in which have been actively resumed. This is a habitation worthy of the kings of France:

Jardin pompeux qui nous étale

Le faste du trône et des arts,

Je laisse tes ombres royales,

Là m'appelle le Champ de Mars.

Near the end of the terrace, which runs along the bank of the Seine, formerly stood a gate called *Porte de la Conférence*, which was demolished in 1730. It was erected in commemoration of an important event in the annals of Paris, for here the deputies of the League and those of the king held their first meeting in 1593. At a later period, the public gratitude consecrated this place as the witness of conferences which had ensured the general happiness, by putting

an end to civil war, and placing the capital under the paternal sceptre of the good Henry.

In a future number we shall give an interesting account of events connected with the Tuilleries.

## LOUIS XVIII.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Islington, Sept. 25, 1831.

SIR,—When at Bath, in 1816, the late eminent physician, Dr. Caleb Parry, father of Captain Parry, of nautical celebrity, told me that he had had for his patient Louis XVIII., then just restored to the throne of his ancestors, and now recently deceased. He spoke well of his intellect, particularly his being a good classical scholar, whilst his disposition was tinged with mildness and humanity. As his patient, he mentioned certain traits which ought not to be lost, for though trivial, they may help to illustrate his character with posterity.

The ailing Louis came to Bath labouring under a violent paroxysm of the gout, and agonising at every pore. Dr. Parry, on his first interview, examined every symptom of his royal sufferer, and asked him what kind of appetite he possessed. His Majesty replied, "Very good, very good; I eat as much as four." With this answer the physician was satisfied. Dr. Parry then prescribed a very severe regimen, as well as a long course of physic. He became greatly reduced in bulk; and at the end of six weeks was completely recovered. The physician, calling to take leave of the re-invigorated monarch, was told by him that he wanted to put an advertisement into the *Bath papers*, which Dr. Parry very politely said he would see properly inserted. The advertisement, added the King, shall be short, and may run thus:—

"Lost—great part of my belly. Whosoever finds it and brings it back, shall be duly rewarded."

The doctor laughed, enjoyed this exhibition of pleasantry, and they soon parted with mutual satisfaction.

The French monarch doubtless recovered what he had lost without the aid of an advertisement, and re-indulging his ravenous appetite, preserved his august rotundity to the end of his days. The public prints say, that his lower extremities had not even in early life a proportionate strength to sustain the upper part of his frame. Surely the greatness of the superincumbent weight in his latter years must have been extremely unpleasant, and probably, by engendering disease arising from inactivity accelerated his dissolution.

With his political merits or demerits I have no concern. Louis XVIII. has quitted the stage on which Providence destined him to act his part, and he is gone to that tribunal at which *kings* and *subjects* are alike amenable, whilst the adamant pen of history will be employed in registering the deeds of his brief and chequered career with an instructive fidelity.

JOHN EVANS.

### HISTORY OF BELLS.

BELLS were used by the Jews, Greeks, and Romans, but not for religious purposes. They were made of brass or iron, and were called *sinabula* by the Romans, whom they summoned to their baths. They were first introduced into churches in 466, under Pope Leo I.; or, according to some authors, in 400 by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, whence they derive the name of Campana.

Croyland Abbey, in Lincolnshire, had the first ring of bells in England; they were put up in Edgar's reign, and were six in number. There are eleven peals of twelve bells, viz. five in London, at Christ Church, Spitalfields; St. Michael's, Cornhill; St. Martin's in the Fields; (the first to announce our naval victories); St. Leonard, Shoreditch; and St. Bride's, Fleet-street; and one at Birmingham, Cambridge, Cirencester, Norwich, Shrewsbury, and St. Saviour's, Southwark. There are, also, in the united kingdom, about 400 peals of six, and 250 peals of five bells. According to Coke, and to Porter, the great bell in St. Iwan's Church, Moscow, weighs 288,000 pounds, and that which is broken weighed 432,000 pounds. The great bell in St. Peter's, at Rome, re-cast in 1785, is in weight, 18,667 pounds. The largest bell in this kingdom, is, "The Mighty Tom" of Oxford, which weighs 17,000 pounds. There is, also, a bell of the same weight, hung 275 feet from the ground, at Florence, in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. The great bell, at Exeter Cathedral, given by Bishop Courtenay, weighs 12,500 pounds. "Great Tom" of Lincoln, weighs 9,394 pounds. The principal bell of St. Paul's, London, is estimated at 4 tons, or 9,520 pounds.

Bells were formerly baptized, anointed, exercised, and blessed by the Bishop of the diocese; and the favourite appellation of "Tom," applied to several large bells, probably arose from their having been baptized "Thomas," in honour of that "Saint Traitor" (as Fuller styles him) Thomas à Becket, the murdered Archbishop of Canterbury. The practice of

baptizing and consecrating bells, was introduced in 968, by Pope John XIII.

Their supposed uses are described in the Monkish lines:—

"Funera plango, fulgura frango, sabbata pango,  
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos."

Thus translated by Fuller:—

Funera plango.	{ Men's deaths I tell By doleful knell.
Fulgura frango.	{ Lightning and thunder I break assunder.
Sabbata pango.	{ On Sabbath all To church I call.
Excito lentos.	{ The sleepy head I raise from bed.
Dissipo ventos.	{ The winds so fierce I do disperse.
Paco cruentos.	{ Men's cruel rage I do assuage.

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congreco clerum, defunctos pluro, pestem fugo, festa decoro."

"I praise the true God, call the people, convene the clergy, lament the dead, dispel pestilence, and grace festivals."

Bells were also considered as denifuges and were rung, as Durand informs us, "Ut demones timentes fugiant. Timet enim auditis ubi ecclesie, scilicet campanis; sicut aliquis tyrannus timet, audiens in terra sua tubum alicujus potentis regis inimici sui."

Stevens says, "The bell anciently rung before expiration, (or, 'When from the body parts the soul,') was called the *passing bell*, i. e. the bell that solicited prayers for the soul *passing* into another world." And Mr. Danes conjectures that it was originally used to drive away demons who were watching to take possession of the soul of the deceased.

The *Curfew*, (from the French *couvre-sou*) was instituted by William I. of Normandy, (improperly styled "the Conqueror," for he had as good a right to the throne of England as Harold) who commanded, that a bell should be rung every night at eight o'clock, on hearing which, all people were to put out their fire and candles; the motive that incited William to this tyrannical conduct is attributed by some writers, to stop the progress of the numerous insurrections which prevailed in those feudal times. It is to the curfew that Gray so beautifully alludes in the beginning of his "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard."

"The Bell inn, at Edmonton," has acquired great celebrity from Cowper's tale of "John Gilpin."

At the distance of five miles from London, near, or in Ilalington, was a stone marking the place where Dick Whittington heard the cheering of "Bow bell."

It is to the visible bells of St. Dunstan's in Fleet-street, which strike the hours and intermediate quarters and half hours, to which your correspondent in his "Life in London," in No. 47, of the MIRROR, humourously refers.

To this useful appendage to clocks, Dr. Young, in his "Night Thoughts," finely alludes.

"The bell strikes one. We take no note of time.  
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,  
Is wise in man.

The proverbial expression, of *bearing the bell*; probably originated in the ornament of a bell bestowed on winning race-horses, whence races in the reign of James I., were called bell-courses; and hence, perhaps, one cause of the popularity of the sign.

FREDERICK.

#### EXTRAORDINARY SUPERSTITIONS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In the course of my indiscriminate reading, I have just met with the Rev. Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," from which I extract the 28th letter for your acceptance; shewing, I think, instances of superstitious absurdity as glaring as have ever appeared. If you (in accordance with my opinion) deem it right such ignorance and imbecility should be exposed and put to flight, and judge it worthy a place in your highly useful and entertaining publication, pray do me the favour to insert it.

Yours, &c. G. F. H.

TO THE HON. DAINES BARRINGTON.

Selborne, Jan. 8, 1776.

DEAR SIR,—It is the hardest thing in the world to shake off superstitious prejudices; they are sucked in as it were with our mother's milk, and, growing up with us at a time when they take the fastest hold, and making the most lasting impressions, become so interwoven into our very constitutions, that the strongest good sense is required to disengage ourselves from them. No wonder, therefore, that the lower people retain them their whole lives through, since their minds are not invigorated by a liberal education, and therefore not enabled to make any efforts adequate to the occasion.

Such a preamble seems to be necessary before we enter on the superstitions of this district, lest we should be suspected of

exaggeration in a recital of practices too gross for this enlightened age.

The people of Tring, in Hertfordshire, would do well to remember, that no longer ago than the year 1751, and within 20 miles of the capital, they seized on two superannuated wretches, crazed with age, and overwhelmed with infirmities, on a suspicion of witchcraft; and, by trying experiments, drowned them in a horse-pond.

In a farm-yard near the middle of this village stands, at this day, a row of pollard-ashes, which, by the seams, and long cicatrices down their sides, manifestly shew that in former times they have been cleft asunder. These trees, when young and flexible, were severed and held open by wedges, while ruptured children, stripped naked, were pushed through the apertures, under a persuasion that, by such a process, the poor babes would be cured of their infirmity. As soon as the operation was over, the tree, in the suffering part, was plastered with loam, and carefully swathed up. If the parts coalesced and soldered together, as usually fell out, where the feat was performed with any adroitness at all, the party was cured; but, where the cleft continued to gape, the operation, it was supposed, would prove ineffectual. Having occasion to enlarge my garden not long since, I cut down two or three such trees, one of which did not grow together.

We have several persons now living in the village, who, in their childhood, were supposed to be healed by this superstitious ceremony, derived, perhaps, from our Saxon ancestors, who practised it before their conversion to Christianity.

At the south corner of the *Plestor* or area, near the church, there stood, about twenty years ago, a very old, grotesque, hollow pollard-ash, which for ages had been looked on with no small veneration as a *shrew-ash*. Now a *shrew-ash* is an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which a beast suffers from the running of a *shrew-mouse* over the part affected; for it is supposed that a *shrew-mouse* is of so baneful and deleterious a nature, that wherever it creeps over a beast, be it a horse, cow, or sheep, the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with the loss of the use of the limb. Against this accident, to which they were continually liable, our provident forefathers always kept a *shrew-ash* at hand, which, when once medicated, would maintain its virtue for ever. A *shrew-ash* was made thus:—

\* For a similar practice, see "Plot's Staffordshire."

—Into the body of the tree a deep hole was bored with an auger, and a poor devoted shrew-mouse was thrust in alive, and plunged in, no doubt, with several quaint incantations long since forgotten. As the ceremonies necessary for such a consecration are no longer understood, all succession is at an end, and no such tree is known to subsist in the manor or hundred.

As to that on the *Plestor*,

"The late vicar stubb'd and burnt it,"

when he was way-warden, regardless of the remonstrances of the by-standers, who interceded in vain for its preservation, urging its power and efficacy, and alleging that it had been "Religione patrum multo servata per annos."

I am, &c. G. WHITE.

## Scientific Amusements.

No. VI.

### MAGIC SQUARES.

A SERIES of numbers, taken in arithmetical proportion, and arranged in the form of a square, so that the sum of the figures, composing any row (whether added perpendicularly, horizontally, or diagonally) may be equal, is termed a *Magic Square*; and although exercises of this kind are not productive of any solid advantage, they have long been considered a source of some amusement with mathematicians;—a kind of game, where the difficulty enhances the merit of winning;—and moreover, may chance to exhibit some new views and properties of numbers, which they would consider an ample reward for their pains.

In the darker ages of superstition, when mathematical knowledge was confined to the learned few, examples of this kind passed for magic; and we are gravely told conjurers made use of these squares, in the construction of talismans!

But, setting aside such ridiculous doctrines, magic squares may innocently beguile a weary hour in such as complain of *tedium vite*; and as it may perhaps amuse some readers, I shall give an easy method of constructing them, and a few examples done to hand.

It may, perhaps, be necessary to remark, that all numbers are not capable of being solved; as for example, where there is no exact square root of the number of terms.

First, then, we will take a very simple example.

To arrange the digits (1, 2, 3, &c. to 9) as a Magic Square—viz., counting each rank perpendicularly, horizontally, or diagonally, that their sum may be equal.

S 3

First, the square root of the number of figures (9) gives three rows in length and depth.

The sum of the progression numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is 45; and 45 (their sum) divided by 3 (the rows) gives 15—sum of each side or rank; lastly, 15 again divided by 3, gives 5 for the middle number. Now for your corner figures—suppose your square represented thus:

a,	b,	c,
d,	e,	f,
g,	h,	i,

Beginning with 1, I find the corner *a*, or any other corner cannot be 1; for if  $a=1$ , then  $i$  must be 9; and  $b+c=15-1=14$ , as also  $d+g=14$ . But there remains no two figures, after rejecting 5, 1, 9, whose sum is 14, except 6 and 8; therefore, if any of those figures were *b*, the other would be *c*, and then no figures would remain for the value of either *d* or *g*; and so *a* is not 1, nor any other corner 1 or 9.

Again—*a* cannot be 3, for if it were,  $i$  would be 7, and  $b+c=15-3=12$ , as also  $d+g=12$ ; but there remains no two numbers, after rejecting 5, 3, and 7, whose sum is 12, except 8 and 4, which cannot answer to *b* and *c*, and *d* and *g*; wherefore, *a*, or any other corner, is not 3; neither is *i*, or any other corner, 7.

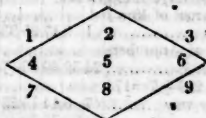
From what has been said, it is plain the corners must be even; wherefore, if  $a=2$ ,  $i$  will be 8, and  $c$  either 4 or 6; so taking  $c=4$ , the square runs thus:

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

But taking  $c=6$ , it will be thus:

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

By exercising a little ingenuity, this and all the following instances may be arranged many other different ways, as may be proved by those who have time and inclination for such operations.—They may also be found, mechanically, thus:—Set the numbers down progressively, about which draw a square cornerways;



then place the angular figures at the corners, and put the outermost alternately.

2 | 2 | 6 } You will then, by inspection,  
4 | 6 | 8 } supply the blanks—

2 | 7 | 6 |  
9 | 5 | 1 |  
4 | 3 | 8 |

**EXAMPLE 2.**—Arrange 1, 2, 3, &c. to 16 into a magic square. The square root of 16 is 4—the number of rows. The sum of the progression=136, which divided by 4=34 sum of each side, diagonally, horizontally, or perpendicularly; and the square runs thus, upon a little consideration of the foregoing:

1	10	7	16
15	8	9	2
14	5	12	3
4	11	6	13

Or thus:

1	11	6	16
15	8	9	2
14	5	12	3
4	10	7	13

And again thus:

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

**EXAMPLE 3.**—Let us take 8, 9, 10, 11, &c. to 23 (16 terms).

Square root of 16=4 rows... 8 9 22 11

Sum of progression=248..... 19 13 14 16

248 divided by 4=62 each side, i. e. horizontally, 15 17 18 12  
diagonally, and perpen- 20 10 9 23  
dicularly, as before.....

**EXAMPLE 4.**—Take the following numbers for a magic square, viz. 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28, and 29 (viz. 16 terms). Pursuing the foregoing directions, you will find the following (making 74 every way):

8	28	27	11
23	15	16	20
17	21	22	14
26	10	9	29

**EXAMPLE 5.**—Suppose 1, 2, 3, &c. to 25 were given.

Square root of 25=5 rows 16 14 8 2 25

Sum of numbers=325... 3 22 20 11 9

And 325÷5=65 every way..... 15 6 4 23 17

24	18	12	10	1
7	5	21	19	13

**EXAMPLE 6.**—Admit from 1 to 49, progressively, were given.

Square root of 49=7

rows..... 1 9 17 26 33 41 49

Sum of numbers..... 24 32 40 48 7 8 16

=1225..... 47 6 14 15 23 31 39

And 1,225÷7=175

every way..... 21 22 30 38 46 5 13

37	45	4	12	30	28	29
11	19	27	35	36	44	3
34	42	43	2	10	18	26

**EXAMPLE 7.**—Now for a *finisher*.—

Let us take from 1 to 100, progressively.

Square root of 100=10.

Sum of Numbers=5,050.

And 5,050 divided by 10=505 every way.

11	92	12	89	14	15	16	84	83	90
100	82	26	27	67	35	59	58	50	1
99	19	75	74	33	66	42	43	51	3
2	20	76	73	34	28	68	67	49	98
4	81	25	28	66	65	41	44	52	67
94	21	77	72	32	37	61	56	48	7
5	80	24	29	69	64	40	45	53	96
93	22	78	71	31	63	39	46	54	8
91	9	89	13	87	86	85	17	18	10

The above Magic Square will count 22 different ways 505, and no two squares alike

JACOBUS.

## Select Biography.

No. XVIII.

### JOHN GALT, ESQ.

THE subject of this brief memoir was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, where he was classically educated. Having subsequently spent some years at his home at Greenock, he visited London in the year 1804. We next find him engaged in his travels in Greece, where he formed a close intimacy with the late lamented lord Byron, and continued on terms of friendship and correspondence with him up to the period of his Lordship's departure from Italy to Greece.

His "Life of Cardinal Wolsey," although not first published, was his earliest literary attempt. This juvenile production, for so it may be considered, held out every promise of future excellence. Although not compiled from original materials, and treating a subject familiar to the readers of English history, still the reflections with which it is interspersed, and which bear the peculiar stamp and impress of the genius of the writer, bestow on it a strong air of originality. In its composition he adopted the nervous style of Sallust, keeping Tacitus in view. Throughout it displays much learning, ingenuity, and depth of research.

His "Voyages and Travels in the Mediterranean" are replete with general and commercial information. This quarto volume was followed by a lighter production, entitled "Letters from the Levant," in which the scenes he describes, more especially that of the Turkish barber's shop at Scio, are depicted with such a truth of colouring, that the reader fancies himself to be an eye-witness of what is passing.

His "Life of Benjamin West is to be considered as the eulogy of an old and



particular friend, to whom the writer was much attached: it needs not be added that the friendship was reciprocal. The first part of this work is one of the most curious pieces of biography extant; and the whole is written in the author's best manner.

To proceed to the novels which have bestowed on him so high a celebrity, and in which the versatility of his fertile genius is so amply displayed:—His "Ayrshire Legatee" is a felicitous attempt to exhibit the feelings and peculiarities of a Scottish family on their first visit to London. The sale of "Blackwood's Magazine" was increased very considerably by this work.

In the "Annals of the Parish," which may be appropriately styled the "Piteous Chronicle," we have a view of the progress of Society in Scotland during the late reign. Whether with reference to the supposed character of the writer, an aged clergyman, or to the incidents it describes, this work is certainly unique.

To the above, the "Provost" is a companion. A worthy chief magistrate enters into all the details of his administration of borough politics. Like the "Annals of the Parish," it is curious on account of the dramatic sustentation of character. It is difficult to conceive that these two works are fictions.

It has been rumoured among the author's friends, that he intends to follow them up by another of the same kind—a description of the conduct of a Member of Parliament during the late reign. If executed as happily as the others, it will be a lasting addition to the history of the country.

His "Rungan Gilhaise" is a tribute to the popular spirit of Scotland, and to the worthies who formed the present national character of the Scots. It was prompted by the impression produced by "Old Mortality," which, however excellent as a literary production, is, as an historical representation, at variance alike with fact and the truth of character. The novel of Sir Walter Scott excited a general spirit of hostility to its principles in Scotland; and what is a truly remarkable circumstance, led to a general restoration, throughout the country, of the tombs of the Martyrs—such being the designation given to the tombs of those who suffered by public execution during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., when the spirit of persecution for religion's sake was at its height. It has been said, that several of the author's family were among the persecuted; and Wodrow, the Scottish ecclesiastical historian, mentions no less than three or four Ayrshire individuals of the

name of Galt, who were persecuted, and punished by fine and banishment, on account of their adherence to Presbyterianism.

Of our author's other productions, the "Entail," "Sir Andrew Wylie," "The Spac Wife," &c., as they are in every one's hand, it would be superfluous to say any thing further than that they exhibit throughout his peculiar felicity in portraying the various shades of Scottish character.

Several of his poetic *moriscos*, which have been much admired, are interspersed in his different publications; and at one time his taste for music led him to the composition of a variety of airs, which became popular, to the extent of being played on the street-organs.

In adverting to his industry in his literary pursuits, and the energy with which he follows them up, it will suffice to say, that he has been known to be engaged at the same time in three productions of an entirely dissimilar nature; thus evincing a rare versatility of talent. However much he may be, at present, occupied in promoting the views of an establishment of great national and commercial importance, we have reason to expect that his leisure hours will still be devoted, with unabated energy, to the pursuits of general literature.

Having paid this deserved tribute to the genius of Mr. Galt, it only remains to be added, that he is exemplary in his domestic relations, warm and steady in his friendships, and, in his disposition, mild and courteous.

*Lady's Monthly Museum.*

## The Robelist.

No. LXII.

### ALMURATH, AN EASTERN TALE.

My father was an eminent merchant in Bagdad, and by a long course of indefatigable industry and perseverance he amassed a very considerable fortune; I being his only child he bestowed upon me the most liberal education which could be obtained, and I was instructed by the Magi in all the scientific and abstruse learning of the east, but was never called upon to apply myself to business of any kind; in short, with the exception of my studies, from which I could not by any possibility escape, I led a life of indolence, ease, and luxury. On my father's death, which happened when I was scarcely twenty three years of age, I inherited all his immense wealth, which I

knew very little more what to do with than I should have known how to obtain it by my own industry. Led by the ardour and precipitancy of youth into all the vices, follies, and extravagancies of the age, which the liberal supplies of my father in my younger days had enabled me to pursue and indulge in, I now thought of nothing but ease and luxury, and a gratification of the passions. I purchased a splendid mansion in the suburbs of Ispahan, where, surrounded by servants, and with a princely establishment, scarcely equalled in magnificence by that of the Shah himself, I revelled night and day in every thing which could intoxicate the intellectual or moral faculties of the soul.

An old Dervise, far famed for his wisdom and knowledge of the world, frequently visited me, and took every opportunity (which I as sedulously avoided,) of endeavouring to awaken my reason; I was deaf to his admonitions and entreaties, and vain would have dispensed with his visits; but gratitude, and parental esteem, prevented me from offending him, for he had been an old and valued friend of my father, who charged me on his death-bed always to shew him every respect and attention in my power for his sake, which I solemnly promised to do.

One day the old Dervise caught me alone, as I was reclining on a sofa in the heat of the day. I could not escape, and, placing himself beside me, after a few compliments and ceremonies had been exchanged, he began, in his usual manner, to bestow some of his sage advice respecting my conduct, which was not very acceptable to me; after listening awhile I affected to be asleep, and soon was so in reality. The visions of the night visited me; I fancied I was by some means or other, in a large populous place, where the governor had just issued an order for every man to be supplied with a vessel of water, as a trial of their fidelity and obedience to his laws, and every one was to be judged by the use he made of this water. I saw the officers of government deliver the vessels, which were all of one size, and amongst the rest I was supplied with one. Some of them were quite full, others were three fourths, and others half full of water, while some contained but a little. At a certain hour an aperture at the bottom of each vessel was to be opened, so as to suffer the water to escape at pleasure.

I wondered at this strange law, and though I asked several the meaning of it, they all seemed too much engaged to attend to me; I saw some who had the art of catching the water as it ran off, and

turning it into gold, which they held up with great care; others made a sort of menstruum of it to dissolve gold and the other precious metals, which it did with a wonderful facility, so that some were quickly left without a sufficient quantity to purchase the necessities of life, and would fain then have followed the method of the others, who were enriching themselves by the water, but which they were for the greater part incompetent to effect. Many not only turned the liquid into food and raiment for themselves, but had an ample supply for the poor, and such as had thoughtlessly, or for want of skill, let their vessels nearly empty themselves, without appropriating the water to any profitable use: some sacrificed or sanctified a part, and others all of their stock to the service of the great Alla, which I observed was well received, and produced infinite comfort to its possessors; whilst many took no notice of the running stream, but let the whole contents of the vessel fall upon the ground and disappear in the earth. I observed that those who had artfully turned the water into gold, which they preserved with so much care, had laboured in vain, for the moment the last drop was run out all their glittering heaps vanished, and they were left with nothing more than those who had suffered it to escape without care or trouble.

I had been so attentive to the actions of others that I forgot my own vessel was all this time discharging its contents, and when I looked round, behold it was nearly exhausted; I sought for it but it had either evaporated or sunk into the earth, and I bewailed my negligence in vain, for I found all hopes of redeeming my time was fruitless. The period now arrived when all were called before the governor in council, to give an account of the manner in which they had acted, and I, among the rest, stood trembling at the bar of the tribunal; evasion or excuse was of no avail, for the officers of justice had watched us so narrowly, and noted down every circumstance, that it required only their evidence to decide our fate. First those who had converted the water into necessities for the supply of themselves and less fortunate neighbours, and those who had sacrificed to the supreme Alla, were rewarded with situations and posts under the government, according to their original quantity of water, and the extent of their liberality, and piety, of which there were many degrees or gradations among them, and they had robes given them agreeably to the different situations they were appointed to fill; after which, those who converted the water into gold; those who dissolved the precious



metals with it, and those who suffered it to drain uselessly away, (of the last of whom I was unfortunately one) were, under the severest censures and anathemas of the judge, condemned to various penalties and punishments, according to the different circumstances of aggravation attending their crimes; for my part I was condemned to the galleys for life; I wept most bitterly at the inexorable sentence was passed, and cried out in the anguish of my heart, "Oh, what would I give to have the same opportunity again." As I uttered these words I sunk down in a swoon, and neither heard or saw any more, till I awoke and found myself in the arms of Alhaddin, the faithful Dervise, who had been sitting by me the whole time, and witnessed the anguish of my soul, in the last moments of my unquiet sleep. I looked wildly around me, and it was some time before I was convinced my dream was not real, till, at last, I was sufficiently composed to relate the story; but the vision had made such an impression on my mind, that it had quite un-  
manned me.

Alhaddin heard me relate my dream with the greatest silence and composure, and almost without moving a muscle of his face, whilst his eyes were rivetted on the floor, as if in a deep reverie; when I had finished he lifted his hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaimed with the greatest emotion, "gracious Alla! I thank thee!" then addressing himself to me, with an emphasis and irresistible earnestness of expression, which I shall never forget, he said, "Oh, Almurath, my son, thou hast cause with me to be thankful; the finger of Heaven has warned thee of thy fate, and may it not be lost upon thee. The people thou sawest in thy dream were the inhabitants of the earth, of whom thou art one. The water was the water of life, or rather life itself; the hours, the days, and the years of which thou hast been so long letting run to waste: oh, see thy folly ere it be too late, and let not the shade of thy venerated father, and my departed friend accuse thee of evil, or me of supineness. Thy vessel is not yet empty: let me beseech thee to employ the remainder of thy time in good works; let thy days be devoted to him who has filled thy vessel with the precious water of life, and let the poor share thy vast substance, so shall thou be happy and blessed, far beyond thy most sanguine expectations, and thy reward shall be a thousand fold: my grey hairs shall be thy faithful monitors, till I lay my head in peace in the grave of my fathers, and future generations shall praise and bless thy name, long after thou art passed to the tomb,

and time shall have crumbled the marble thereof into dust." My dream, and this address of my venerable friend, had such an effect upon me, that I instantly determined on a reform of my life, making a vow that no day should in future pass away without my being able to look back and see that I had employed it to a good purpose. I now bestow my bounty cheerfully on the poor and needy, and sincerely do I thank the mighty Alla, that he has given me wherewith to do so; my time hangs no longer heavy on my hands, nor is it wasted in vain pleasures. I have found true earthly happiness, which before, I never knew, and, with the assistance of the worthy Alhaddin, I hope to make my peace with Alla, before whom all flesh is as chaff, and every man's life as a drop of water: then shall I lay up a crown in Heaven, and complete that inexpressible and eternal beatitude of which I have already a fore-taste here.

M.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### THE TURKS OF GRAND CAIRO.

A TURK with his long pipe in his hand, will listen for hours to a tale of wonder and enchantment, with deep interest, with exclamations of Allah, and without once interrupting the speaker. This custom, so universally prevalent throughout the East, is useful as well as amusing, for the stories have often an excellent moral; but a tale told in Europe would be a very different thing from hearing it in these countries. The wild and rich imagery of the East would hardly suit our colder climes, any more than the often impassioned and graceful action of the narrator, or his genii, afrit and goule. Many of these men travel over the country, and get an uncertain living by reciting in the villages and towns; but the most esteemed are to be found in the cities. Their tales are either invented by themselves, or taken from the Arabian Nights and other Oriental writings. A new and good story here, like a new book in Europe, confers fame on the inventor, and becoming popular, passes from one city to another, is quickly learned by the Arabs, and retailed in all the coffee-houses of the land. On the halt of a caravan at evening, when the groups are seated at their tent-doors round the fire, a tale from one of the company is a favourite and never-failing source of amusement. You will observe on these occasions men of various nations suspend their converse, and listen intently

to every word that falls from the speaker's lips. The women are debauched, this amusement; but there are at Cairo a superior sort of Almah girls, who are sent for by the ladies and amuse them with dancing, singing, and music: it was probably a dance of this voluptuous kind that Herodias performed to please Herod and his officers, and which is a favourite throughout the East. I passed an evening most agreeably with M. Bokty and his family: he is the Swedish *chargé d'affaires*, and is a very clever and well-informed man. It was his beautiful daughter who was shot in the street some years ago, by a drunken Turkish soldier, as she was riding out between her mother and sister; a green veil which she wore, was supposed to have been the cause of this outrage. The sacred colour of the Prophet is prohibited to the Christians in every way; even a green umbrella would be dangerous to sport here. The passage of the caravans through Cairo, from the interior of Africa to Mecca, is a very interesting sight, being composed of so many different nations with their various flags and banners. In this city, where it is vain to long for books to beguile the sultry hours, I had the exquisite pleasure of meeting with a copy of "The Pleasures of Hope." How it came there it is not easy to tell, but it was a most welcome and delightful stranger on the banks of the Nile; it accompanied me afterwards through Palestine and Syria, and in the wilderness, and in weary and solitary hours, what better and more inspiring consolation could a wanderer wish for? That little volume has been no small traveller; on leaving Syria I gave it to the daughter of the English consul-general at Beirut, at the foot of Mount Lebanon, where, from the value placed on its contents, it is likely to be inviolably preserved.

A singular amusement is to be seen sometimes in the streets; two men, thinly clothed, and fat as buttes, with broad, laughing countenances, circle continually round each other, and every time they meet, hit one another severe and dexterous blows on the face, singing all the time some humorous song, accompanied by droll gestures and grimaces: this is much enjoyed by the populace. One day we rode to the palace of the Pacha, at Shoubra, it is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Nile, and one or two of its apartments exhibit all the splendid appendages of Orientalism. The saloon had a very tempting appearance; its rich ottomans and cushions, its fountain and cool recesses, all invited to luxurious repose and enjoyment. The garden was

pretty, and laid out in the European manner; in the middle was a charming kiosque shaded by the trees. This prince is a great voluptuary, temperate in eating and drinking: like most Turks of rank, he avails himself, unlimitedly, of the Prophet's permission of a plurality of wives. We saw the ladies of his harem one day riding out; they were eight in number, but so closely veiled and mantled, it was impossible to form any opinion of their countenance or figure. A traveller in the East, who chances to be a physician, is privileged above all men; he obtains admission into the serais, beholds the features of the favourite beauties, and holds long conversations with them; and it is singular how very anxious and cautious the Eastern ladies are, to see the Hakim or Frank physician. He comes with a solemn countenance, the very eunuchs look complacent on him, and each lady holds out her beautiful hand, assumes a languishing air, and allows him to examine the colour of her eyes, and talks without reserve. Even a trifling knowledge of medicine is of the greatest service: to this we afterwards owed our deliverance from captivity by the Arabs. Even when walking through some parts of Cairo, with Oamin, the renegade Scotchman, who professed to be a bit of a doctor, he was assailed by several women on the subject of their own, or their families' complaints. The environs of Cairo, since the subsidence of the inundation, are wonderfully improved in beauty, but the only pleasant situation for a residence is at Old Cairo, on the banks of the Nile. It is rather a ruinous place; but there are some merchants' houses at the water's edge, amidst a mass of foliage, which look on the isle of Rhoda, and the village of Gisch on the opposite shore. In riding to this place, you often see in the shade of the large trees near the path, groups of women of a certain description, loosely apparelled, who, having lighted a fire and prepared coffee, allure with their voice and enticing gestures the passengers to join them; but their appearance has few attractions.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### SPECIMENS OF A NEW DICTIONARY.

*Absentees.*—Certain Irish land-owners, who stand a chance of being knocked on the head if they stay at home, and are sure of getting no rents if they go abroad; thus illustrating the fate of the hippopotamus, which, according to the authority of the showman at Exeter Change, "is a amphibious animal that cannot live upon land and dies in the water."

**Absurdity.**—Any thing advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

**Amplifications.**—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing-master, music-master, mantua-maker, and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards, dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

**Allderman.**—A ventri-potential citizen, into whose Mediterranean mouth good things are perpetually flowing, although none come out.

**Alldemocracy.**—The boast of those who have nothing else to boast of.

**Antiquity.**—The youth, nonage, and inexperience of the world, invested, by a strange blunder, with the reverence due to the present times, which are its true old age. Antiquity is the young misadventurer who chattered prisoners taken in war, sacrificed human beings to idols, burnt them in Smithfield, as heretics or witches, believed in astrology, demonology, witchcraft, and every exploded folly and enormity, although his example be still gravely urged as a rule of conduct, and a standing argument against any improvement upon the wisdom of our ancestors!

**Astrology** is to **Astronomy** what alchemy is to chemistry, the ignorant parent of a learned offspring.

**Bachelors.**—Plausibly derived by Juvenal from the Greek word for foolish, and by Spelman from Bacchus, a cudgel, because he deserves it. An useless appendage of society, a poltroon who is afraid to marry, lest his wife should become his mistress, and generally finishes by converting his mistress into a wife.

**Boat.**—One animal impaled upon a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

**Bores.**—An article in which we are born and pass the happiest portion of our lives, and yet one which we never wish to keep.

**Bumper toast.**—See Drunkenness, Ill-health, and Vice.

**Bushman.**—See Swarrows, Turkish commanders, and the history of mis-called battles.

**Challenge.**—Giving your adversary an opportunity of shooting you through the body, to indemnify you for his having hurt your feelings.

**Cradle.**—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

**College.**—An institution where young men learn every thing but that which is professed to be taught.

**Cousin.**—The fear of being thought a coward.

country, who, because you happen to have some of his blood, thinks he may infect the whole of his body upon you during his stay in town.

**Cunning.**—The simplicity by which knaves generally outwit themselves.

## MAXIMS OF O'DOHERTY.

(From the last Number of Blackwood.)

### MAXIM EIGHTY-THIRD.

WE moderns are; perhaps, inferior to our ancestors in nothing more than in our epitaphs. The rules, nevertheless, for making a good epitaph, are exceedingly simple. You should study a concise, brief, and piquant diction; you should state distinctly the most remarkable points in the character and history of the defunct; avoiding, of course, the error into which Pope so often fell, of omitting the name of the individual in your verses, and leaving it to be tagged to the tail or beginning of the piece, with a separate and prosaic "His name." Thirdly, there should be, if possible, some improvement of the subject—some moral or religious, or patriotic maxim—which the passenger carries with him, and forgets not. I venture to present, as a happy specimen, the following, which is taken from a tomb-stone in Winchester Church-yard, and which tradition ascribes to a late venerable prelate of that see, Dr. Hoadley:—

"Private John Thoms lies buried here  
Who died of drinking cold small beer:—  
Good Christian! drink no beer at all;  
Or, if you will drink beer, don't drink it small."

Nothing can exceed the nervous pith and fine tone of this, both in the narrative and the didactic parts. It is really a gem, and confers honour on the Bishop—on whom, by the way, a clever enough little epitaph was written shortly after his death by a brother Whig and D.D. Bishop Hoadley was, in this Doctor's opinion, a heretical scribe, and his monument encroached too much on one of the great pillars of the Cathedral.

"Here lying Hoadley lies, whose book  
Was feebler than his beer,—  
Alas, the Church he this had shook;  
But undermines it here."

### MAXIM EIGHTY-SEVENTH.

Or late they have got into a trick of serving up the roasted pig without his usual concomitants. I hate the innovating spirit of this age; it is my aversion, and will undo the country. Always let him appear erect on his four legs, with a lemon in his mouth, a sprig of parsley in his ear, his trotters bedded on a pair of sage. One

likes to see a pig appear just as he used to do upon the board of a Swift, a Pope, an Arbuthnot. Take away the customs of a people, and their identity is destroyed.

### NOW I AM HAPPIER THAN A KING!

Now I am happier than a king!  
My goblet flows with wine,  
And round my couch the gay girls sing,  
And all their love is mine!  
My brow is bound with ivy pale,  
And tendrils of that tree  
The best that grows on hill or dale,—  
At least the best to me!  
My bower is wreathed of myrtle green,  
The lily, and the rose,  
Where rest and beauty to be seen  
Mid lilacs fair as thou!  
Thus am I happier than a king!  
My goblet flows with wine,  
And round my couch the gay girls sing,  
And all their love is mine!

And Myra laughs, and Daphne smiles,  
And Gaius tries  
To win me with her witching wiles,—  
And gentle Thyra sighs!  
Thus am I happier than a king!  
My goblet flows with wine,  
And round my couch the gay girls sing,  
And all their love is mine!

Then fill my bowl, and bind my hair  
With fragrant wine and flowers:  
To-morrow may belong to care,  
To-day is ours!  
Now am I happier than a king!  
My goblet flows with wine,  
And round my couch the gay girls sing,  
And all their love is mine!

*London Magazine.*

### MEMENTO MORI.

INSCRIBED ON A TOMB STONE.

When you look on my grave,  
And behold how they wave—  
The cypress, the yew, and the willow—  
You think 'tis the breeze  
That gives motion to those,—  
'Tis the laughter that's shaking my pillow!

I must laugh when I see  
A poor insect like thee  
Dare to pity the fate thou must own;  
Let a few moments aside,  
We shall lie side by side,  
And crumble to dust, bone for bone!

Go weep thine own doom!  
Thou wert born for the tomb.  
Thou hast lived, like myself, but to die;  
Whilst thou pity'st my lot,  
Secure fool! thou'st forgot  
Thou art no more immortal than I!

*1844.*

### THE BOA CONSTRUCTOR.

WHAT we have come to see is shut up in that great deal press, the front of which lets down with hinges, and leaves the whole interior, with its contents, exposed to the view; and even the touch of the spectators—for it is not found necessary to interpose any safeguard before this most terrific-looking of all the animal tribe. And it is lucky that this is the case; for Bob, who has the care of this

animal, has made such good use of the *buonumano's* he has received in the course of the day, that he is not in the best condition to protect us in case of danger. But Bob has too strong a sense of natural justice to forego what has, time out of mind, been "his custom always of an afternoon,"—merely to accommodate the idle habits of the people. If you visit him and his charge at a proper hour, you'll find him in a proper condition to do the honours of the visit; and this is all that can in reason be required of him. But I believe I need not have made this apology for him. I've heard it whispered in your village, Reuben, that the Vicar's steward knows as well, if not better, when his reverend burthen is tipsy, than the said burthen does itself; and I rather think it is the same with Bob and the Boa. You see he has by this time let down the side of the serpent's house, and taken off the blankets which covered him; and there the monster lies, black, twisted, and self-involved, like one of your late writing-master's flourishes. I question whether any one ever looked at this extraordinary creature for the first time, without feeling a cold shudder creep through every part. It is a sort of object that (for what reason I know not) we never form an adequate conception of beforehand. The one before us is fourteen feet long, and is entirely covered with a brilliant coating of black, picked out with a sort of whitish yellow; the whole marbled like the face of a picture. The head and neck are much smaller, and of lighter colour, than the rest of the body,—the largest part of which is perhaps a foot and a half in circumference;—and the tail diminishes in size almost to a point. But perhaps the most striking part of this singular creature, and the sight of which affects the spectator in the most extraordinary manner, is the tongue; which, at the approach or touch of any person, it puts out of its mouth (without appearing to open the latter) and moves about with a quick flickering motion, accompanied by a low hissing noise. The part that it puts out of the mouth is about an inch and a half long, and divided into two about half way down from the extremity,—each portion being about the thickness of a small quill. Bob (whose word by the by, I would not take for so much as Hamlet offered to take the Ghost's) told me, the last time I saw this creature, that it had the day before eaten three live fowls, "feathers and all," and ten pounds of beef. Though I don't know why I should suspect him of exaggeration in this, when he adds that it never eats more than once in a fortnight, and sometimes

net for months together. It is perfectly harmless, and quiet—never attempting to move out of the case or cupboard in which it lies; and the only indication it ever gives of the kind and degree of power that it possesses is when you place your hand between the side of its box and any part of it that happens to be lying there—in which case it presses against your hand, and if you were not prepared to slip it away immediately, would crush it.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

## Careful Domestic Hints.

### MEDICAL PRECAUTIONS.

*(To the Editor of the Mirror.)*

SIR.—The following advice to the sick, and those attending upon them, cannot be so extensively circulated. Yours, &c.

T. A. C.

1. It is of the utmost importance to the sick, and their attendants, that there be a constant admission of free air into the room, and especially about the patient's bed. The door or a window should therefore be kept open both day and night, care being taken to prevent the wind from blowing directly on the patient.

2. An attention to cleanliness is indispensable. The linen of the patient should be often changed, and the dirty clothes, &c. should be immediately put in fresh cold water, and afterwards well washed. The floor of the room should be cleaned every day with a mop, and all discharges from the patient should be immediately removed, and the utensils washed.

3. Nurses and attendants should endeavour to avoid the patient's breath, and the vapour from the discharges, or, when that cannot be done, they should hold their breath for a short time. They should place themselves, if possible, on that side of the bed, from which the current of air carries off the infectious vapours.

4. Visitors should not come near to the sick, nor remain with them longer than is absolutely necessary; they should not swallow the spittle, but should clear the mouth and nostrils when they leave the room.

5. No dependence should be placed on vinegar, camphor, or other supposed preventives, which, without attention to cleanliness, and admission of fresh air, are not only useless, but by their strong smell render it impossible to perceive when the room is filled with bad air, or noxious vapour.

N.B. If these rules be strictly observed, an infectious fever will seldom, if ever be communicated, but if they be

neglected, especially where the patient is confined to a small room, scarcely one person in fifty who may be exposed to it can resist the contagion; even infants at the breast do not escape it, though providentially less liable to be affected by it than adults.

• • Since infection originates in close, crowded and dirty rooms, those who make a practice of admitting the fresh air, at some convenient time, every day, and of frequently cleansing and fumigating their apartments, bedding, furniture, &c., and washing the walls with quick lime, mixed with water, in the room, may be assured, they will best preserve their families from malignant fevers, as well as from other diseases.

## Miscellanies.

### PROVERBS ON THE WEATHER.

If the grass grow in Janiver  
It grows the worse for't all the year.  
Who in Janiver sows oats, gets gold and groats.  
Who sows in May, get a little that way—  
If Janiver calends be summerly gay  
'Twill be wintery weather till the calends of May.

The hind had as lief see his wife on the bier  
As that Candlemas-day should be pleasant and clear.

February makes a bridge, and March breaks it.  
A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom.

A windy March and a showery April make a beautiful May.

March wind and May sun make clothes white and maids dun.

In April—the cuckoo shows his bill.

In May—he sings night and day.

In June—he changes his tune.

In July—away he fly.

In August—away he must.

If the second of July it be rainy weather

It will rain more or less for four weeks together.

A green winter makes a fat church-yard.

Winter's thunders—summer's wanders.

When the sand doth feed the clay,

England cool and well a day.

But when the clay doth feed the sand

Then it is well with angle land.

A rainbow in the morning

Is the shepherd's warning.

But a rainbow at night

Is the shepherd's delight.

## DISINTERMENT OF JAMES THE SECOND.

*Paris, Sept. 10, 1824.*

YESTERDAY the Café's of Paris emptied themselves into St. Germain, which was thronged at an early hour, for the purpose of witnessing the august ceremony of removing the royal remains of James II. King of England, which were unexpectedly discovered a short time since, by the workmen employed in digging the foundation of the new church, which is building upon the site of the old edifice, which was found to be in so ruinous a

state as to be utterly incapable of repair. The road was thronged with carriages of all descriptions, and pedestrians of all classes. The ceremony, which was conducted with great solemnity, began with a procession of priests, in their sacerdotal vestments, who, on entering the chapel, built for the temporary purposes of religious worship, on a spot closely adjoining the church, performed the service of the Mass in a most impressive manner. The spectators, who were very numerous, seemed greatly affected by the whole scene, which was strikingly grand, and replete with moral associations. The entrance to the chapel was hung with a canopy of black cloth, as was the interior. The coffin, containing the royal remains, was placed upon a stage in the shape of a magnificent mausoleum, hung round with tessellated drapery of the deepest mourning. The whole was surmounted with the royal diadem of gold, placed on a rich cushion of crimson velvet; over the whole of which was thrown a veil of black crape, which softened, without concealing, their splendour. Towards the close of the service, the remains of the royal sovereign were removed in great state to the altar, beneath which the attendants proceeded to deposit it with all those solemnities, so powerful in their effects, which distinguish the Catholic church service. The whole ceremony closed about two o'clock. On a plain black tablet in the front of the altar, is the following inscription:—

D. O. M.  
Jussu Georgii 4  
Magnæ Britanniæ, et Regis  
Et Curante Equite  
Exc. Carolo Stuart  
Regis Britannicæ Legato  
Cæteris antea rite peractis  
Et quo decet honore  
In stirpem regiam  
Hic nuper effosse  
Reconditæ sunt reliquiæ  
JACOBI II.  
Quo in secundo civitatis  
Gende claris triumphis  
In primo infelicio  
Post varios fortunæ casus  
In apem mellioris vitæ  
Et beatæ resurrectionis  
Hic quievit in Domino  
Anno MDCCL  
V. Idus Septembris  
MDCCCXXIV.

Immediately under the above tablet, and within the rails of the communion table, is a plain neat altar, with the following inscription:—

Ces Depouilles Royales

Sent ici deposees  
En attendant  
Qu'elles soient placees  
Dans un  
Monument plus  
Convenable, quand la  
Nouvelle Eglise  
Sera constructee.

#### ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

A FRENCH merchant, having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, flitted round the horse, barked and jumped, and seemed to participate his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and, taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and, by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and, after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but entertained the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook he turned back to look if the dog would drink. The animal was too intent on its master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad; what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may soon become the victim if I spare him." With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and, with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired; but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and, weltering in his blood, still endeavoured to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not



bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection that he had prevented a greater evil; by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit, however, was ineffectual. "I am most unfortunate," said he to himself; "I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found. In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. "Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame! I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life."

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw, with half averted eyes, the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted; but in vain did he look for his dog, he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed; he execrated himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear, but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

### HUDIBRAS.

In this very lively and learned poem, the law supplies the poet with many allu-

sions, similes, and comparisons. The author having been an attorney's clerk in his youthful days, was, no doubt, disgusted with a view of the practice of his employer, and has given us a most faithful description of the danger of going to law:—

"Others believe no voice to an organ;  
So sweet as lawyer's in a bar-gown;  
Until with subtle cobweb cheats  
They're catch'd in knotted law, like  
nets;  
In which, when once they're embran-  
gled,  
The more they stir, the more they're  
tangled;  
And while their purses can dispute,  
There's no end of the immortal suit."

### THE PARALLEL BETWEEN THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS, LONG DISPUTED.

SOME for the ancients zealously declare;  
Others, again, our modern wits prefer;  
A third affirm, that they are much the  
same,  
And differ only as to time and name:  
Yet sure one more distinction may be told;  
Those once were new; but these will ne'er  
be old.

### THE WELCOME POACHERS.

Two gentlemen, who had liberty to shoot on the grounds surrounding Lord Eldon's estate, happened, unintentionally, to encroach a little way on the latter; the game-keeper insisted that the gentlemen should appear before his lordship to answer for the misdemeanour. They were ushered into the presence of the proprietor, who accosted them with the greatest civility, and begged they would be seated; on hearing the tale of the domestic, and the assurances of the gentlemen having unintentionally encroached, his lordship rang the bell, ordered the wine and other refreshments to be brought, requested the gentlemen to partake, entered into conversation, and, on their retiring, assured them "that if they came that way again, they were perfectly welcome to a shot, even should they trespass."

### CONSCIENTIOUS FOOTMAN.

A GENTLEMAN who had travelled as far as Persia, spoke to his man John, as he was returning home, telling him how necessary it was that a traveller should draw things beyond the life, otherwise he could not hope for that respect from his countryman which otherwise he might have;

"But at the same time, John," says he, "whosoever I shall dine, or sup, keep you close to my chair, and when I do very much exceed the bounds of truth, punch me behind, that I may correct myself." It happened one day that he dined with a certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, where he affirmed that he saw a monkey in the island of Borneo, which had a tail three score yards long;—John punched him;—I am certain it was fifty, at least;—John punched again;—I believe, to speak within compass, for I did not measure it, it must have been forty;—John gave him another touch;—I remember it lay over a quickset hedge, and therefore could not be less than thirty;—John at him again;—I could take my oath it was twenty; this did not satisfy John; upon which the master turned about in a rage and said, "D—n you for a puppy; would you have the monkey without any tail at all!"

OWN eyes are as bright as the sun in discovering the faults of others, but as dull as tarnished copper in discovering our own.

#### FOR AN ALBUM.

WHILE modern bards attempt in vain,  
Immortal life by verse to gain;  
I write my name on C—'s page,  
And thus I live from age to age!

#### SOCRATES AND EURIPIDES.

SOCRATES said to Euripides, upon being asked by that poet how he liked the writings of Heracitus, "What I understand is excellent, which inclines me to believe that what I do not understand is excellent also."

#### DEATH AND THE GOURMAND.

"Your time is up," Death grinning cried,  
Unto a well fed sinner.  
"One moment stay," the Gourmand replied,  
"I have not yet done my dinner."  
"I, Death, for no man wait,  
Your life is past the prime;"  
"True; but let me fill anon the plate,  
Then sweet man I'm thine."

AN Irishman, some years ago, attending the university of Edinburgh, waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, desiring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons. The flute-player informed him that he

generally charged two guineas for the first month, and one guinea for the second. "Then, by my faith," replied the Highlander, "I'll come the second month."

#### ON A LAWYER.

A PLAINTIFF thus explain'd his cause  
To counsel learned in the laws:  
"My hand-maid lately ran away,  
And in her flight was met by A,  
Who, knowing she belong'd to me,  
Espous'd her to his servant B;  
The issue of this marriage, pray,  
Do they belong to me, or A?"  
The lawyer true to his vocation,  
Gave signs of deepest cogitation:  
Look'd at a score of books, or near,  
Then hem'd and said, "Your case is clear.  
Those children, so begot by B,  
Upon your handmaid must, you see,  
Be your's or A's; now, this I say,  
They can't be your's, if they to A  
Belong; it follows then, of course,  
That if they are not his, they're yours;  
Therefore, by my advice, in short,  
You'll take the opinion of the Court."

#### POETICAL SUBSCRIPTION.

The following is literally the direction to a letter that passed through our Post-office in the beginning of September.

"AT Ashwelthorpe, near Wymondham town,  
In Norfolk's famous county,  
There dwells a man, of high renown,  
Many have shared his bounty.  
Good Postman, if you're fond of ale,  
Convey this without failure,  
And if you should mistake the name,  
Inquire for Mr. Taylor."

*Cambridge Chronicle.*

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Carthus and Rea*, a Simple Story, in an early number, though short articles, particularly in poetry, are most acceptable.

The following communications are intended for insertion: *R. W.*; *Alfred*; *P. C. N.*; *P. P. F.*; *Mr. N. Keen*; *Alphons*; *Frederick*; *A. W. M.*; *C. S.*; *Ellen*; *Utopia*; *Chants*; *H. S. Dales*; *W. C.*; *Tyrol*; *P. T. W.*; *F. E. y.*

We do not recollect receiving the article alluded to by Mr. Steiner, but shall make strict search for it.

Our Shrewsbury friends shall have a place as soon as the engraving, now in hand, is finished. *Conallan*, and numerous other communications are under consideration.

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